

EXTRA ASTOR DEAD.

John Jacob, Head of the Family, Passed Away This Morning.

New York's Biggest Landowner and America's First Millionaire.

The End Came Suddenly at His Fifth Avenue Residence.

He Was Grandson of the Original John Jacob Astor, the Fur-Trader.

John Jacob Astor died this morning. The palatial mansion at Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street, which lost its benevolent mistress a little more than two years ago, is without a master and America loses the chief of millionaire princes.

Mr. Astor expired suddenly at 4 o'clock a. m., of heart failure.

His son, ex-Congressman William Waldorf Astor, late United States Minister to Italy, was present at his death-bed, as were also his brother and sister-in-law, William Astor and wife, and Mrs. Selah Gibbs.

Yesterday Mr. Astor was feeling unwell and did not go to his office in West Twenty-sixth street, as usual.

His ailment did not appear to be serious until about 12.30 o'clock p. m., when he was suddenly attacked with heart failure while sitting in the library.

Dr. Asch, of 5 West Thirtieth street, Mr. Astor's family physician, was hastily summoned, and did all that medical science could do for the sufferer, but to no purpose.

His patient failed rapidly and finally expired, with the members of his family at his bedside, fifteen hours after he was stricken.

Dr. Asch said that the immediate cause of Mr. Astor's death was heart disease, to which he was predisposed.

This, he declared, was aggravated by a severe case of the grip, from which he had sufficiently recovered to attend to his business as usual.

Mr. Astor returned from a European trip on Dec. 27, and brought with him the prevailing malady, which Dr. Asch says hastened his demise.

His death was wholly unlooked for. Although he had not been in as good health as usual for some time, there appeared to be no cause for alarm in his condition.

Despite his sixty-seven years he was quite an active man, and indulged very freely in pedestrian exercise.

On the day before he was stricken he walked about five miles.

This morning the darkened windows and fluttering crape betokened that the home of wealth and opulence, which had been the scene of so much life and happiness, had been transformed into a house of mourning.

Servants trod the hall on tip-toe, and the liveried lackey who answered the bell to admit the few callers answered all inquiries in the faintest of whispers.

He had very little information to impart, save that the members of the family were so stunned by the sudden death and engaged in preparations for the funeral that none of them could be seen.

The funeral services will probably be held on Tuesday of next week at Trinity Chapel, in West Twenty-sixth street, near Broadway, the church which was built with a portion of the dead man's great wealth.

John Jacob Astor was the head of the celebrated family of Astors, and was the third in the line who bore the full name of the founder of the family in America and the founder of the Astor fortune.

He was the wealthiest American, and he was set down as being worth no less than \$150,000,000.

He was a widower, his wife having died in December, 1887. He leaves one son, William Waldorf Astor, the late Minister to Italy, and author.

John Jacob Astor was the son of William B. Astor, who inherited the bulk of the \$20,000,000 fortune left by the original John Jacob Astor, the grandfather of to-day's dead.

the trade, which was extremely profitable as carried on by the Indians.

Astor visited the Canadian woods, going on foot and carrying in a pack on his back bannocks such as delighted the Aborigines.

He traded there for furs and carried the furs home on his back. He made money, enlarged his business, using pack-animals and the like, and in a few years was doing an immense trade, getting the skins for literally nothing of the Indians, and sending them to the Orient, where they were exchanged for most valuable goods, teas, spices, Indian and Japanese silks and the like.

The profit averaged \$20,000 to every cruise, and when, in 1830, the old man died he left \$20,000,000.

He founded the Astor Library at the urgent solicitation of Washington Irving, Fitz-Green Halleck and an old and trusted commercial friend.

He had been extremely generous even to meanness, and delighted in saving pennies even when he was a millionaire.

He had three sons. The first died a babe. The second, named after himself John Jacob Astor, was demented and was kept in a fine residence in West Twenty-third street at his father's expense, and after his father's death, on the income of a fund of \$100,000 set apart for that purpose.

That John Jacob passed away, aged sixty years, some thirty years ago.

The Astor millions had been handed down to the third son, William B. Astor, and he it was who began the movement for better tenement houses in New York.

When William B. Astor died he left the vasty immense family fortune to his eldest son, John Jacob Astor the third, who is now dead.

Thomas G. Shearman in the *Forum*, for November last, set down John Jacob Astor's fortune at \$150,000,000, making him the American Croesus.

"The Astor" was known for half a century as New York's landlord.

It has been estimated that the estate included more than a thousand dwellings, yielding an average rental of \$2,600 a year.

John Jacob Astor, who died to-day, was the finest specimen of manhood the Astor family ever offered.

He was tall, erect, handsome, vigorous, and carried his years admirably almost to the last.

He was accomplished, well educated and of cultivated tastes and aristocratic bearings.

When he was twenty years old, he married a beautiful and accomplished woman, the daughter of Thomas Gibbs, a proud South Carolinian, who boasted a pedigree back to King John.

William Waldorf Astor was the only fruit of this union, and he will inherit the great bulk of the Astor millions.

Mrs. Astor died in December, 1887. Last Fall it was said that Mr. Astor was about to marry Mrs. Bowler, a Cincinnati lady, and a niece of the late Senator Pendleton, but the marriage was never consummated.

John Jacob Astor leaves one brother in William Astor, and the latter has a son, John Jacob Astor the fourth, who is now about twenty-four years of age.

The man who died to-day has proven himself an Astor, for he has been as hard with the care of his millions as any poor book-keeper, while his brother William, surrounded by a wife and several daughters with social instincts, has given himself up more to the enjoyment of life.

William Astor received at his father's death many millions, but not so many as John Jacob, nor has he increased them so rapidly.

But Mrs. William Astor has led New York society for years, and her daughters, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Coleman Drayton and Mrs. Orme Wilson have been second only to their mother.

They will all inherit millions enough to keep their houses going, but the ex-American Minister, their cousin, will have the prestige of being "the Astor," and is now the "head of the family."

John Jacob Astor was a faithful steward of the vast properties which were left to him, but at the same time his was a life full of charitable deeds.

His grandfather left monuments to his name in the Astor Library and the Astor House. The man who died to-day is memorialized in the village of Astoria on Long Island.

He also gave \$200,000 to the Astor Library founded by his grandfather, and he was one of the founders of the New York Cancer Hospital in which he had been very much interested. He gave \$150,000 to the erection of a pavilion for men suffering with cancer.

John Jacob Astor was entitled to the title of Colonel. During the war of the Rebellion he served on the staff of Gen. McClellan as Aide-de-Camp, with that rank. He was a volunteer, and served with credit.

Mr. Astor had a villa at Irvington, between Yonkers and Tarrytown. It was originally the property of Cyrus W. Field, and was surrounded by forty-three acres of land. He paid \$100,000 for the place. Mr. Field, while suffering from angina, named the villa "Arden Park."

It is one and a half miles south of the Irvington Post-Office and is known in the neighborhood as the "Cottent place."

CAN FLACK HUSH IT UP?

The Sheriff Goes on an Embassy to His Injured Wife.

Assemblymen Coming Here Next Week to Investigate Bookstaver.

Sheriff Flack is making strenuous efforts to secure a settlement of the divorce suit which his wife has brought against him, and apparently with some prospect of success.

Mrs. Flack has been spending the Winter at Little Britain, near Newburg, and was reported as being quite ill.

She has been visited recently by her son Will, whom she charged with having tricked her into signing the complaint in the fraudulent divorce case, which resulted in his indictment for conspiracy with his father, Referee Meeks and the late Judge Monell.

Yesterday the Sheriff himself went to Little Britain and had a consultation with his injured wife.

This is the first time they have seen each other, it is said, since they appeared in court, he to lead to an indictment procured on her complaint.

The consultation was not a long one and its import could not be learned.

The trial is fixed for the first Monday in March and Mrs. Flack is a very material witness for the prosecution.

While Sheriff Flack was calling on his wife at Little Britain another phase of this many-sided case was being considered in Albany.

The Judiciary Committee of the Assembly was holding an investigation of Judge Henry W. Bookstaver, of the Court of Common Pleas, and his connection with the granting of the fraudulent divorce.

No witnesses were examined, the question of where the Committee should sit and hold its investigation only being considered, and it was determined that this city was the proper place.

The Committee will convene at the Court-House in this city on Friday morning, and will examine the witnesses.

Judge Edward Countryman, of Albany, is the chief witness, and will be followed by Delos McCurdy, of this city, who conducted Judge Bookstaver's defense.

One of the most important witnesses is Referee Meeks, who was appointed Referee, Judge Bookstaver declared, because he was a friend of the defendant.

He is in Bermuda, out of the jurisdiction of the Committee, which will consequently be deprived of his testimony.

No arrests have as yet been made. The prisoners and their friends were very much disturbed over this, for they wanted to get out in time to enjoy a part of the holiday, and had arranged to attend a matinee.

Simmons as his bondman Bernard Cohen, of 166 West Sixty-fifth street, who says he owns real estate valued at \$500,000 on which there is a mortgage of \$285,000, and who has a net property of \$115,000. Mr. Cohen has not offered to go on Flack's bond.

To-day it was discovered that Acting District Attorney Davis had been in his room upstairs ever since 10.30, after several telegrams had been sent to his house and elsewhere.

Mr. Davis accepted the bond of Bernard Cohen, who justified in \$100,000 for Simmons, but Mr. Squier, a builder, of the firm of Squier & Widger, who had offered to go on Flack's bond, had gone away. It is said that he can justify in \$200,000, but Mr. Squier had meantime gone away.

Shortly after 2 o'clock Simmons started for Judge Martine's house in Harlem, in the custody of Deputy-Sheriff Whalen, while Flack remained in his room at the Astor.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when Flack's bondman, Mr. Squier, was heard from by telephone. He said that he had been arrested by the police, and was being taken to the City Hall.

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PELL AND SIMMONS FIND BONDS AND GO AT LARGE.

Pell and Simmons Find Bonds and Go at Large.

Papers Signed by Judge Martine at His House—The Bondsmen, at His Command.

Financiers Pell and Simmons slept poorly last night at the Tombs. Warden Osborne had provided them with the best accommodations he had, and yet they were not satisfied.

The cell to which he assigned his distinguished visitor was No. 6, on the first floor in the old prison, popularly known as "Murderers' Row."

Those cells are somewhat larger than the average, and the particular one which Pell and Simmons occupied was made famous by its former tenant, Danny Driscoll.

The cell which Danny Lyons occupied was offered to one of the financiers, but they preferred to bunk in together, in a lone place, so the warden gave his consent.

Whether the cell is haunted by the ghost of Boaz Garrity or not, its last night's occupants looked as if they had seen some bad visions when they came out this morning with Deputy Sheriff Butler to make another trip to the District-Attorney's office.

Simmons looked pale and haggard, Pell seemed nervous and worried, and the trial fixed for the first Monday in March and Mrs. Flack is a very material witness for the prosecution.

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20 OF THEM.

Two-Year-Olds Scramble for the George Washington Stakes.

AND MADGE L. WINS IT.

Boodle Wins the First Race—A Big Crowd at Guttenburg.

THE season of active baseball is close at hand. Inside of two months the players in various leagues and associations will be in their places, and the campaign of 1890 will be getting well under way.

Meantime, there is the bustle of teams reporting for duty and being packed away for preliminary practice in genial climates.

The Chicago nine and Harry Wright's Quakers are already banging the ball about a Southern diamond, and New York and Brooklyn will soon send their League contingents thither.

Jim Mutrie and his sturdy colts will start for Charleston, S. C., next Wednesday, by the steamer Delaware, of the Clyde line. Mutrie has secured the fine Charleston grounds, and will float all his League opponents over there.

The full make-up of the team is not yet given out, but Tim expects his players to surprise the people, even if they don't keep the League championship in the metropolis.

Smiling Mickey Walsh will do all he can to make Mutrie's aggregations look natural to the cranks, and other familiar faces among the lot will be those of Pat Murphy and Mike Tiernan.

These men will be the "steadies" and trainers of the colt talent which will fill out the team.

Others of Mutrie's men are J. H. Murphy, late of Pittsburgh; C. F. Dooley, an "unknown" college catcher, secured at Troy, assuming the name of A. Franklin, and pronounced by an enthusiastic admirer to be a second Ewing in embryo.

Mutrie has had some of his colts in training at Staten Island, and expects to have a good time with them in the South, practicing from 10 a. m. to noon daily, and beginning with a trot.

The New York Players' League Club won't go down South.

There will be in the team Catchers Ewing, Bill Brown, and Vaughn; Pitchers John Ewing, Ed Crane, Hank O'Day and Tim Keefe; Basemen Connor, E. H. Egan and Whitey; Shortstop Haddad; and the outfielders, O'Rourke, Gore and Slattery.

April 3 the team will play at Springfield, Mass.; April 5 at Worcester, Mass.; April 7 at New Haven, Conn.; and on other days before the regular season opens they will play other strong teams in practice.

John Ewing, who sometimes wears the prefix "Long" ahead of his name, is a brother of "Buck," and on the days when he is Ewing and Ewing is at bat, there'll be some great batters.

John has made a record in the West and means to make a better one in the East.

Johnny Ward's team, the Brooklyn Players' Club, will follow out a preliminary tour in Florida and Cuba, which the little shortstop went South to arrange a short time ago.

Ward is captain-manager of the club, and the following players are included in his forces: catchers, Paul Cook, Con Daney, Thomas Kinlow and John Hayes; pitchers, Gus Weyling and Connie Murphy; basemen, Dave Orr, Louis Bierbauer and William Joyce; fielders, Ed Andrews, Emmet Seay, John McGraw, Arthur Sunday and George Van Halteren.

The team will help the Boston players open the latter's new grounds on Fast Day.

The Brooklyn National League Club, which is substantially the pennant-winning Association nine of last season, will start for St. Augustine, Fla., March 31, on the Clyde steamer Iniquity.

President Byrne took time by the forelock when symptoms of baseball agitation began to manifest themselves, and is able to point to this array of ball-tossing talent on his list: Caruthers, Terry, Hughes and Lovett, pitchers; Bushong, Clark, Tom Daly, Reynolds, Johns and Newman, catchers; Foutz, first base; Collins, shortstop; O'Brien, left field; Corkhill, center field; Burns, right field.

The club will end its Southern trip March 31, and will play its first game on the home grounds at Washington Park April 3 with the Boston nine.

Manager Jim Kennedy is hustling day and night to gather a new and first-class nine to represent the American Association in Brooklyn, and with every prospect of success.

Joe Gerhardt, James Powers, of last year's Staten Island; Catcher Frank Horner, a railroad man, is a prisoner in the lock-up here for a most brutal performance. He heated a poker red hot and drew it several times across the back of his child, a baby only a year old, while the infant was crying in the cradle.

The mother fainted away and neighbors came and removed her and her baby from the house.

Stories of a brutal nature and has often beaten his wife and child.

He has been in the lock-up several times for this kind of thing, and the mother has been removed to a hospital.

ALMOST TIME TO PLAY BALL.

The Big Teams Reporting and Preparing for Practice Trips.

Five Clubs for New York and Brooklyn Cranks This Year.

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RAGE MADE HIM MURDERER.

Pretty Angie Canning's Death-Blow from Her Stepmother.

Two Feebly Women no Match for Infuriated Stephen Cave.

Stephen H. Cave, a brush manufacturer, was arraigned in the Adams Street Court, Brooklyn, this morning, charged with an atrocious assault on his twenty-two-year-old stepdaughter, Miss Angie Canning.

He is fifty-five years old, and married the widow Canning only fourteen months ago. He makes brushes, brooms and the like in a basement at 48 Sand street, Brooklyn. He lived overheard with his wife and her three daughters.

Caving and his wife have quarrelled frequently of late. Since Sunday last he has been on a terrific spree. Last night he wanted money from his wife, which she would not give him, and a quarrel ensued. Cave rushed down stairs to his shop in the basement, with the avowed intention of committing suicide. His wife followed to prevent him, and her daughter Angie came to see that no harm befel her mother.

The shop is a small, damp place, and only a candle-light burned there when the three women entered it. The most prominent article of use was a huge bar of iron, with a long, keen, razor-like edge at one end, and a handle the other, which was used for cutting brushes. This bar grasped in both hands, at the same time becoming a deadly weapon.

"Will you give me the money or not?" he howled.

"For God's sake, Steve," his wife replied, "keep quiet."